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Somewhere

Robert T. Grey '24

Mr. Jenkins frowned deeply as his wandering glance lighted on a tall, ungainly figure, slowly coming up the road. When the figure drew nearer, the frown deepened, for it was evident that the approaching youth, for such he appeared to be, was absorbed in a book. Old man Withers, sitting at Jenkins' right, noted that frown, but never for an instant did he suspect its cause. He supposed, logically enough, that Jenkins, as the editor of the "Tribune" was planning some newspaper "coup" to try out when his vacation came to an end.

But, as a matter of fact, it was not Lee Jenkins, the noted editor who frowned, but simply Mr. Jenkins, a puzzled, disappointed father.

When the youth gained the top step of the hotel piazza, he looked up from his book, nodded to Jenkins, and slowly passed inside. Jenkins stared after the boy, and then, after a moment's silence, he viciously thrust his chair from him, and sauntered off.

In the lobby, the youth sank into an easy chair, and gazed fixedly at an open page. Soon he deliberately closed his book and removed his tortoise-shelled glasses, and muttering wearily, "Well, I'll try again," he ambled towards the door.

On the porch, Withers was still engrossed in a magazine.

"Where did dad go?" inquired the youth.

"Over towards the golf course, I think."

"Thanks."

The youth strode quickly in the indicated direction and soon he was abreast of Jenkins. They walked together silently for some minutes before the youth broke the silence.

"Dad," he began, slowly.

"Yes?"

"Our vacation is nearly up, isn't it?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, when we go back, I want a place on your paper. Can I have it?"

The elder man's eyes welled up, and he replied in a half-choked voice, "Well I don't think so. You see, the editorial department is pretty well fixed just now."

"But I'm willing to start as a reporter," said the boy eagerly.

"The truth is," blurted out the father, "that I don't think you'd make good, Henry. I'm sorry, but you lack the qualifications of a good reporter, and I couldn't have my own son a poor reporter on my own paper."

There was a moment of pained silence. Then—"But, father, I have qualifications. I have a college degree, and I specialized in journalism. What more do you want?"

"A college degree means nothing to an editor, son, and that's what I am now. A reporter must be active, wide-awake, and full of pep. When things don't happen, he must make them happen. He must have imagination."

"I have imagination, father."

"Yes, too much. You're a dreamer, an idler, a bookworm. You might make a great professor of literature, or a writer of mushy novels, but a newspaper man,—never."

"But, at least, dad, give me a chance. That's all I ask."

"All right, then, here's your chance. Two weeks ago, Smith, the prohibition enforcement director, had me up in his office. 'Jenkins,' he said, rather sarcastically, 'you newspaper men are supposed to be good at solving mysteries,

tell me why is it that we can't seem to get anywhere with this rumrunning business. These fellows have us at every turn. We squelch them at one place, and they crop out at another. Now, what do you think we can do about it?" You'll admit, son, that that was a pretty broad question to ask even a newspaper man. But I gave him an answer. Would you have been able to?"

Henry pondered for a minute. Then, shaking his head, he admitted, "No, I couldn't have given him a definite answer. What did you tell him?"

"Simply this; when you have a whole organization at your beck and call, and still you make no progress, then it's logic to conclude that your opponents, whoever they may be, have a better organization than yours, and, behind every organization is one head, one big boss, and when you find and get him, then you break your opponent's organization, and you can gather in the pieces at will.

"Of course, I didn't explain my reasoning to Smith, I merely told him that somewhere behind this rum-running business there is one master mind. Uncover him, and you uncover the solution to the whole question. What do you think of that?"

"Hm," mused Henry, "I think that was a rather broad answer to a broad question. How would you go about locating this master mind?"

"That's what Smith wanted to know, too. I told him any newspaper man could do the trick. A little life, a little ingenuity, a little imagination and the hardest problem becomes as simple as A B C to a good reporter."

"Interesting, if true, dad. Well; I guess I'll go back to the hotel."

Henry walked about ten paces, then, turning back, he called out, "I may not have the qualifications, but just the same I think I'll make a good newspaper man. Goodnight!"

"That boy!" muttered Jenkins to himself.

The Jenkins family returned to the city soon after, with Henry fully determined to "show his father something." Upon a pretext of needing a longer vacation, he left the "big town" and located in a one-horse fishing village on the Cape, by name, Oceanwood.

As he was considered a man of leisure, Henry soon became acquainted with many of the villagers, and was automatically adopted into the "Cracker Barrel Club," that haven of peace and tranquillity that nightly met in the village store.

There were two young fellows with whom he associated particularly. One was Jack Bolles, a new recruit at the Lost Beach Coast Guard Station, and the other was Jim Haws, the man-of-all-work around the store. Together with Henry, they formed a little circle that somehow or other was dissociated from the rest of the nightly gathering.

Perhaps the trio found ground for their mutual acquaintance in the fact that they were all ambitious. Henry wanted a job on his father's paper, Jack wanted a promotion in his chosen line, and Jim had visions of scraping up money enough to start a little store of his own.

Henry, under the influence of the salt air and pleasant Indian summer days, soon began to fill out his lank body, his stooped shoulders gradually straightened out, and his pale, wan face became a nut-brown color, and his "Shakespeare," together with his tortoise-shell glasses, lay on his table, forgotten.

In the general store, after all political issues for the year had been settled, gossip turned to the doings of several of the townspeople.

"Well," said Lem Hawkes, casually, "They ran a load in last night."

This observation was received in

silence. When Henry had first heard this remark, he had innocently inquired, "Who ran in what?" But he didn't need to ask now. He knew only too well. He not only knew that the rum runners used the cozy little harbor of Oceanwood as a landing place for their cargoes, but he personally knew McDermott and Henderson, the rival traders who competed for the bootleg trade of the seaboard towns and cities.

A few minutes later, the store door opened, and a short, thick-set man, with a week's growth of whiskers on his face, entered.

"Hello, Mac," growled somebody.

McDermott volunteered no reply for fully five minutes. Then he snapped out, "Say, I want to tell you guys something. Henderson has been crowding into my territory again, and I'm warning him, through his pals who are here, that there's going to be trouble if he don't keep to his own customers."

Not a lip moved to reply, but every eye in the store glanced anxiously towards the door, for heavy footsteps were heard upon the steps as if a heavy man were approaching.

Again, the door opened, and a human giant entered. Slowly he walked across the store to where McDermott was standing, his back towards him. The giant touched McDermott on the shoulder. McDermott wheeled, and his ratty looking eyes narrowed to pin points, as he recognized the man before him.

"Henderson!" he fairly cried.

"Henderson it is," calmly said the other, as his hand crept dangerously near his bulging hip pocket.

After the initial shock had passed, McDermott regained his self-composure. Slowly he pulled a plug of tobacco from his pocket, and sent a mouthful of ugly yellow teeth through about half of it. Then, after giving his trousers a hitch,

he stared at the giant Henderson in undisguised contempt.

"Well?" he inquired, casually.

"McDermott," he began, "you've been overstepping the line. You've been cutting in on my territory, and I have but one word for you. Look out,—you and the rest of your white-livered crew!"

"Big boy," said McDermott, "you took the words out of my mouth." And with this he left the store, followed shortly after by Henderson.

"Say," Henry exclaimed, after they had left, "why were they so hot tonight?"

"Christmas is coming," said Jim, meaningly.

"Oh, I see," said Henry.

The next morning, Henry was down to store early. After exchanging greetings, Henry said to Jim, "What did you mean last night when you said 'Christmas is coming?'"

"Why," laughed Jim, "Henderson and McDermott are trying to scare each other. They are both going to the big base of supplies for an especially valuable cargo of "old stuff" for the Christmas trade. The first one back will be here in time to clean up before Christmas, the other one will lose everything, for, either he will be in after Christmas, or the market will be flooded with the first load, and,—no demand, no big price. Savy?"

"Yes," said Henry, truthfully this time. "By the way, will you come to my room tomorrow night? Good. Bring Jack, too. He'll be off duty, I think. Well, see you later."

The next night, Henry waited anxiously for the arrival of his guests. His usual good humor had deserted him, and he paced the floor impatiently. Finally, Jim and Jack arrived.

Henry started right in. "Listen," he blurted out, "I've got an idea,—"

"Honestly?" inquired Jack, "What's the matter? Sick?"

"Quit!" begged Henry, "this is serious. Promise to keep this a secret, whether it's successful or not. Will you?"

The fellows, finding him so serious, immediately became attentive, and gave their promises.

"Well," began Henry, "you may have noticed that Henderson and McDermott never meet, that is, they meet in person, but they never seem to attempt to land cargoes on the same night. Now there's a reason for that."

"What?" asked Jack.

"Somewhere around here, there's a man buying up all their stuff at lot prices and reselling at retail, and he's cleaning up big. He's never been caught because he works through agents, and these agents have it fixed so that the two supply gangs never clash."

"But why doesn't he combine the two gangs and have them work for him on schedule?" asked Jim.

"Because in order to do that, he'd have to arrange a meeting and make himself known, and that would be dangerous. Then, again, by having them competing against each other, he holds the whip hand, for he buys them in at whatever he wants to pay.

"But here's my plan. I'll trace these agents and locate the 'big boss.' While I'm doing that, Jim, here can go to the city, and get the editor of the 'Tribune' to sign a fat contract for a scoop. As for you, Jack, mix in with the shore gangs and find out when the boats are due. Then, the three of us can get together, and if we work it right, we can break up the rum running business around here, and get a scoop for the 'Tribune'."

"What of it?" demanded Jack. "What do we get out of it?"

"Just this. We all fulfill our ambitions. Jim will get that signed contract,

I'll fill in my name, and I get a job on my father's paper. The scoop will net us about three thousand dollars. Jim can take that, and start his store. You, Jack, will disclose the tip to the Coast Guards, and you will get the credit of engineering the job. It's logic to conclude that you'll get a promotion. So we're all set. What do you say?"

"We say so!" exclaimed Jim and Jack, in chorus.

* * * * *

In awed silence, the entire staff of the "Tribune" listened to the low rumblings of the impending storm in the editorial sanctum. The editor and business manager were having their semi-annual set-to.

"But something's got to be done!" wailed Claffin, the business manager, "our circulation has dropped noticeably."

"Then do it," exploded Jenkins, "I can't get news if you are too cheap to pay good reporters."

The contest, or rather, the debate waxed hotter and hotter. So absorbed did the staff become, that no one noticed the outer door open. No one noticed the awkward figure of a country lad, until he had passed the outer defence, and then, with the self-confidence of youth, he entered, unbidden, the holy of holies.

For a moment he stood embarrassed. Then he pulled a paper from his pocket.

"Say," he stammered, "sign this, will you?"

Jenkins and Claffin stopped their harangue and stared pop-eyed at the one who thus dared to interrupt them. Jenkins strode angrily across the room.

"What's this?" he fairly bellowed, picking up the paper.

"Legal document," began the youth, none other than Jim, "regular thing, contract it's called. Calls for an extra premium for first page stuff. Sign it."

Jenkins opened the door, evidently with the intention of throwing Jim out, but thinking better of it, he closed it again, and walked towards Claffin, smiling grimly.

"Sign that contract,—if you're as liberal with money as you say you are."

"I will," said Claffin, calling the bluff.

He dashed off his signature, and Jenkins followed suit.

Jim, elated, grabbed the contract and hurriedly left the room.

"Now see what we've done by being hot-headed," rued Jenkins, "a country rube has our signature to a contract."

"You're right," agreed Claffin, for once.

And so the hatchet was buried for another six months, and the staff went on with its work.

* * * * *

Jim burst into Henry's room that evening, and slapping the document on the table, he exclaimed happily, "The contract committee reports progress. How about you?"

"Fine. I've located my man. He's Mr. Baring, of Rockworth, a quite reputable gentleman, once known in other sections as 'Noiseless Noyes', a safe-cracker who found his profession over-crowded, and so came east to follow up the more remunerative, although less thrilling, trade of bootlegging."

"As for me," went on Jack, "I've found that McDermott's schooner, the 'Bountiful' is ahead of Henderson's 'Scuttler,' and is due in tomorrow night at 10.30 with Henderson due about twenty minutes later. Maybe they wouldn't hurry so much if they knew that a cutter from Boston, on the north and one from Chatham, on the south, are due about at the same time they are."

"Great!" said Jim. "I'll say you worked."

"That's not all," explained Henry, "about six o'clock Mr. Baring will re-

ceive, by code, a message warning him of the arrival of McDermott and Henderson, and, if we imagine correctly (note that, Jim, a reporter like you should have imagination) Mr. Baring will hasten to the scene of activity, where he will be promptly arrested."

"For what?"

"For several things, and we can get evidence against him, for when he leaves Rockworth, two detectives will search his house for papers we know he has, plans, in other words, of all Coast Guard Stations, rum ships, coves, and other information highly interesting to the police."

"Well, let's try and get some sleep," said Jim, "we'll need to be awake tomorrow."

"Yes, try and sleep," echoed Henry.

Early the next evening, our embryo star reporter, ably assisted by a recruit Coast Guard, and a country store clerk, started to force events. A certain Mr. Baring was the recipient of a telegram that started him on his way to Oceanwood post haste. Then, the country store clerk, under the direction of the embryo reporter, got in touch with the "Tribune".

"Set up that story for an extra," he ordered, authoritatively. "When I phone in confirmation, let it go."

About ten o'clock, a detail of Coast Guards left their station and, under the direction of one of their number, lay in wait for one whom they knew was coming.

"Fellows," Jack told his companions, "if any of you get Baring, McDermott, or Henderson, take him first to the store, and from there to the station. Understand?"

In the store, Henry waited anxiously. Then the telephone rang out. Henry answered. "Hello, this is Jenkins." He held the receiver tightly against his ear, lest the precious words be lost.

Rockworth calling Henry Jenkins. "Take Baring. We've got the goods."

Henry dashed madly to where he knew Jack would be waiting. "O. K." he panted. In his hand he held a paper with three words on it.

Back to the store he ran. Bursting into the telephone booth he called, "Operator," and when at last he was rewarded by a faint "Number, please?" he said, "Connect me with the 'Tribune' office, and keep the line clear for an hour at any cost."

At the "Tribune", the staff was on the "qui vive". It was many a moon since the paper had come through first with a sensational "scoop", and the nervous tension was almost unbearable. Claffin slapped Jenkins playfully on the back. "Maybe I was dumb when I signed that contract, but I don't think so."

Jenkins laughed hollowly as he glanced at the immense presses, ready to spring into action at a minute's notice.

It was some scoop alright, but—confirmation had still to come.

* * * * *

Everybody on board the "Scuttler" was in high spirits. For days nothing had been seen or heard of McDermott. The light breeze sent the boat speeding ahead, then shifted suddenly, leaving the empty sails flapping and crackling in a meaningless, silly manner.

Towards nightfall the breeze stiffened and the boat gracefully cut its way across the bay towards Oceanwood. So light-hearted and carefree was the helmsman that he failed to notice two lights closing in on him, one on the north and one on the south.

Soon Henderson came on deck and almost immediately noticed the light to the north. He cursed softly.

"McDermott, I'll bet," he muttered, "here bo'sun" he called loudly, "get every one on deck. Crowd on every sail.

We'll give 'em a run for their money."

A full moon now flooded the ocean, and the coast line was thrown into strong relief. As the boat rapidly sped past the entrance to the harbor, the hulk of a schooner was plainly to be seen at McDermott's mooring.

"Hell!" roared Henderson, bitterly, "Fooled again."

"We can't turn about, sir, without being seen," volunteered a sailor.

Henderson frowned forebodingly.

As the "Scuttler" neared the "Bountiful," all could see that on board McDermott's craft, everything was in full swing. Casks, kegs, and cases were being lowered into the waiting row-boats and were hustled into nearby houses when landed.

The sight proved too much for the unstrung Henderson. Blind rage and a mad desire for revenge of a supposed double-cross claimed him.

He rushed aft, thrust the sailor from the wheel, and took it himself. Straight as an arrow he sent the "Scuttler" down the channel, and then, suddenly, he swung his wheel hard to port, and rammed the unsuspecting "Bountiful".

McDermott, in his cabin, felt the schooner keel, heard the wild and infuriated cries of his men, and rushed up the companionway.

His mate met him. "Henderson!" he cried, "shall we cut and run, or—"

"Shoot 'em!" ordered McDermott, grimly.

His own revolver sounded the signal for a general outburst. After the first cries, no voice was heard, but the mad spattering of bullets spoke volumes.

Some one fashed the boats together, and soon the thumping of fists, intermingled with the groans of a wounded man, were the only noises heard.

Soon, a reverberating crash sounded, and a shell splintered the bowsprit of the "Bountiful".

Henderson, his shirt in ribbons, a gash over his left eye, and a smoking pistol in his hand, rushed along the deck, trying to ascertain what happened. He came face to face with McDermott, who was feebly attempting to rally his men.

The two forgot their enmity in the face of a common danger.

"It's a cutter," gasped McDermott "we've been trapped. We can't get away."

"Make for shore, then. Let's go!"

The sailors pulled up a couple of row-boats, and McDermott, Henderson, and a few others piled into them. The sailors pulled desperately at their oars, and soon the light boats grounded in the shallow water. Leaping lightly on shore Henderson made for the road.

As if by magic, ten uniformed figures rose from the ground, and a voice commanded, "Up with 'em!" Henderson shouted, "No use, boys, they've got us!" and his hands shot high above his head.

"Take them!" ordered Jack.

The men passed by the store.

"Henderson and McDermott!" shouted one of the men.

Inside, Henry crossed off two of the three words on his paper. Then he peered long and anxiously up and down the road outside the store.

Soon two brilliant headlights were seen, and a moment later a high-powered roadster shot by at a terrific pace. Henry re-entered the store.

Soon Jack came along, and Henry was immensely relieved when he cried out, "The king pin, the mastermind, Baring."

Henry waited no longer. Rushing to the phone he cried, "Tribune? Well, let 'er go."

Forty miles away, a button was pressed, and a miniature world of

wheels, engines, rolls of paper, and type, combined to put "The Tribune" back into the first rank of newspapers.

"A good night's work, if I do say so," said Henry to his pals.

"I think so, too," agreed Jack.

"Ditto," chimed in Jim.

* * * * *

"Father," began Henry, immediately after dinner on Christmas day, "I want a position on the 'Tribune'."

"No, my boy, no. I'm sorry, but that's final."

"But I have qualifications,—"

"A college degree means—"

"But I have a contract."

"Huh?"

Henry produced the precious document, and after his father had examined it carefully he exclaimed, "Well, I'll be—"

The next morning, Henry went to the office with his father. Smith, the prohibition enforcement director was there waiting for them.

"Say," he began, "I can't quite understand this business."

"What business?" mildly inquired Jenkins, Sr.

"This Baring expose. I gave that young Bolles fellow a promotion, but I don't know,—he's, well, I don't think he ever doped the thing out."

"That new reporter of mine, too," said Jenkins, "he looks more like a country store keeper than a reporter. After all, there can be but one solution,—"

"And that is —" prompted Smith.

"Somewhere," went on Jenkins, "somewhere, behind all this sensational expose, there is one master mind. He planned the whole thing."

"Somewhere?" queried Smith, puzzled.

"Yes, somewhere," repeated Jenkins, smiling benevolently at Henry.

The Value of Drawing

The relation of drawing to art resembles that of language to literature. In the fine arts, drawing is the structure on which the finished work is built; in industrial drawing, draughtsmanship is the very foundation,—the beginning and the end.

The practice of drawing quickens the observation of facts, of forms, and of structure; and renders the senses more accurate in their powers of furnishing means of making definite records. The continued use of line, light and shade, and color gives practice in expressing ideas and observations. After having spent one year in an art school, one finds that the world about one takes on a different aspect; all things appear different in perspective, color and shape. A study of design alone furnishes means of exercising and developing good taste in connection with the things which make up the environment of every day life; that is: design contributes directly to an appreciation of the beauty of landscape, animal and plant forms, and artistic possibilities of the community, its natural and architectural features, and its local industries. A kitchen chair or household utensil may be as artistic and give as much pleasure as a beautiful vase or painting. The general appearance of written school work; the arrangement of plants and flowers; the framing and hanging of pictures; the choice of wall papers, rugs, furniture and clothing,—all are opportunities for exercising artistic taste. Design is order. The Japanese always consider the use to which an article is to be subjected before the design is executed. An inherited good taste in things artistic makes them supreme in simplicity of design and good

taste. But good taste means more than regarding that which is good. It means that the right sort of thing awakens pleasure, and a desire is aroused which demands excellence for its satisfaction. This good taste depends upon an appreciation of beauty established by habits of seeing.

Industrial art has a place by itself. Mechanical drawing teaches accuracy. To draw an object requires mental activity comparable to that which occurs when thought is translated from one language into another. Constructive drawing offers a means of endless experimentation, and is a stimulus to invention. To draw rapidly inspires more and better thought. It opens up a broad field for experimentation and choice. A number of sketches placed before a manufacturer or mechanic show many ways of doing a thing, offer comparisons, and help selection as to best and fittest and most beautiful. When one experiments, compares and selects we begin to show advancement. In England one may obtain patterns for almost any part of mechanism; but in this country production is so rapid we do not have time to make models of stone, wood or metal to test the worth and fitness of things. Careful drawings and sketches developed into accurate drawings take the places of models. The realm of experimentation afforded with pencil is as unlimited as thought itself.

The study of Art develops appreciation; and the key to one art, whether it be that of painting, sculpture, music or drama, is the key to all other arts.

—*Carl Herbert Adams.*

The Adventures of a Reporter

By Leon Levine '24

"Gee, what a lucky fellow a reporter must be. He rides around in taxis. He gets passes for all the theaters. He is admitted to places where no one else is allowed. He is behind the scenes everywhere. That's my opinion of a good position, all-right."

Many a time have I been compelled to listen to a fellow tell me that. It sounds nice, doesn't it? I am a reporter and I admit it all. It's the truth—PERHAPS. . . .

To give you an inkling of what's what, listen to this one.

I.

Outside it was raining cats and dogs. Lightning was flashing ominously. The elements were in a playful mood. Inside, with my feet on a desk, I was studiously reading the colored comics of my paper, when through the noise of the telegraph machines and the hum of the typewriters, I heard my illustrious name called by the city editor.

"A man found murdered in the woods near Hickville. (For obvious reasons I will not use the true name of this town.) Train in eleven minutes. Phone story as soon as possible. Get pictures of girl who discovered body."

On the train I met a reporter from another newspaper. On arrival at Hickville after an hour's ride we found no band headed by the mayor and a committee of citizens waiting to welcome us. Except for an occasional flash of lightning, the roar of the thunder and the steady downpour of the rain, all was dark and still. Here and there the dim light of a lamppost and the twinkling light of a house penetrated the darkness. We were the only ones to get off. No one was in sight. Even the depot, to our surprise, was closed.

Finally we discerned the form of a man walking across from the station. We whistled to him, shouted to attract his attention, but the man, evidently

afraid of two strangers approaching him in the darkness, instead of stopping, started to run and disappeared around a corner. Something had to be done, so we went over to a lighted house nearby for information. A man answered our knock. Had he heard of the murder. Certainly, it had happened four miles from his house. Taxis? No. Horse and buggy? None in this weather available, and those that were were at the murder scene. So with a "keep to the right" and a "second on the left" we started afoot on our way to the place. Four miles through a dark, winding forest path. Trudge, trudge, trudge Mud? Only up to our knees at spots. Having taken the wrong road once and walked back a half-mile to the right one, we finally reached the scene, weary and exhausted.

The chief of police, cop No. 1 and a group of spectators were standing near a dilapidated shack. Covered with a blanket the body of a man was lying on the ground.

I took a look at him, evidently a foreigner. The man was shot from behind by a bullet which pierced his brain. A girl taking a short cut through the woods several hours before had discovered the body. From the medical examiner, who was also there, I found that the man had been dead for over a day at least. Robbery was not the motive, as nothing was missing. As yet he had not been identified.

Having procured all the information, I began to think of a telephone. The nearest was in town. Here a man riding in an old horse and buggy was persuaded for a sum of money to drive the other reporter and me in. In comparison with this the walk over was a pleasure. Up and down the hole-filled road, the horse and buggy, with us hanging on, creaked its weary way forward. The man told us with pride,

that the horse, whom he called "Joe" was the oldest in the vicinity and that out of compassion for it he had not shot it. Finally we landed at the largest, smallest and only hotel in Hickville. There we found a telephone and soon had long distance "to Boston".

Now for the picture of the girl. This I was to do alone. The other reporter declared a photographer from his paper was coming out in the morning. He was going to take the last train. If I hurried I might make it, too. All along through dark and silent streets I walked or ran to her home. It was a half hour's walk. A warm light shining through the window of her home as I approached it gladdened my heart.

I rang the bell and a woman answered. I made myself known. "Oh Mary," shouted the woman to someone inside, "here's another one of those d—n reporters, what'll I do with him?" And a feminine voice replied: "Tell him I have nothin' to say."

Stumped I thought, but never give up the ship is my motto, and I resolved to try a sob story. In a sad tone I appealed to the woman to help a fellow out. I'd be fired if I didn't get the story and a picture. Not going to turn a man away disappointed in this weather, etc. She "fell" for it. Mary came out. Except for a pair of shell-rimmed glasses, an up-turned nose and several gold teeth illuminating the darkness, this fair young thing was not bad looking. From her I obtained the story of how she discovered the body, and other incidents relating to the murder. A reporter who came before me had taken the only picture she had of herself. "Relatives have any pictures?" I asked. "Oh yes, I think cousin Margaret has one of me taken last summer." So I hiked to Margaret's house a mile away, all the time looking at my watch and thinking of the train.

At Margaret's house fortune favored me. Margaret was O. K. She had a picture and gladly gave it to me. Her mother wanted to make me something to eat but I refused, having no time. Back to the station at record speed I ran. Nearing the place I heard the familiar choo choo of a train. It was the Boston train and the last one. I doubled my speed and made a dash for it, but, instead of arriving, it was doing the opposite.

I waved my hands, shouted, ran after it, did the same thing people who miss trains do in the comics, and the same thing happened. The train went on and left me standing there a "forlorn and ship-wrecked reporter."

With greatly lowered spirits I went back to the hotel. I telephoned in the girl's story and asked for orders. "Stay all night and rush the picture by the first train in the morning. Keep track of the police. Something might turn up," was the answer.

The other reporter had evidently taken that last train for he wasn't to be seen. The hotel was deserted; the only stranger besides me was a drummer, who had gone to bed. I, too, decided to turn in and procured a room from a rather stout and talkative landlady. It was the same small-town hotel room that is so well pictured in movie comedies and described in fiction. A pitcher of water and a large bowl, a towel 4"x6", a bureau which was tied with ropes to keep it up, a calendar of 1889 and an old wooden bed were the contents of the room. The bed clothes had not seen a laundry for "some" time. At the least turn the old bed creaked to "beat the band."

However, I slept like a rock, took the first train in the morning and had the satisfaction of seeing the story lead the paper. The picture was put in and came out later on the front page. A day

reporter was assigned to the story, and I was relieved.

Two days later the man was identified, and a supposed friend of his was arrested charged with the murder which was caused by a quarrel over a sweetheart, as might as have been expected.

II.

Here you have had an inside exposé of how news stories similar to the one above are prepared in newspapers. At first experiences of that sort seem adventurous and full of glamour. They do to a cub reporter, but when the same thing happens again and again it begins to take on the aspect of work.

Hearken unto the following for another one.

A woman all alone in her home had been threatened by a man whom she refused entrance. He had gone around to the rear of the house, pointed a revolver at her through a window and shouted "We'll get you yet." When the police arrived at her frantic telephone call he was not to be found. I happened to be in the police station at the time and heard the police report that "there was nothing to it." Nevertheless, I determined to go and see her. Just then something else turned up and it was not until late in the evening when I rang the bell of her home.

A light shining through a window gave evidence that some one was in the house, which was evidently occupied by a single family. Yet there was no answer. Again and again I rang the bell. Finally I heard a window being raised on an upper floor and a masculine voice asked, "Who is it?" "A reporter," I said. Here a feminine voice interposed, "I don't believe it, go away." It began to occur to me that they mistook me for the man who had threatened the woman. "Don't be afraid," I shouted, "I'm not the man with the gun who threatened Mrs. X. . . ." The window

closed and I remained standing near the door. Several minutes passed by. Then through the thick pane in the door I saw a shadowy form peering at me. The door opened slightly and then with a sudden bang it was flung open and a man yelled "Hands up."

Nick Carter himself would have turned pale and so did I. My hands flew upwards and reminded so. Holding a small nickel-plated "feminine" revolver pointed at me, stood a young man, not in a very cool state. His feet were doing a fox-trot or perhaps the collegiate. A little further away, behind him stood a pale young woman evidently his wife. For what seemed an age, but was really a short time, the three of us stood there. The woman broke the silence when she said: "Oh Charles, that isn't him." The gun was lowered and so were my hands. I breathed a sigh of relief. I wasn't insured, then.

Apologies were soon in order and the rest was mere newspaper work. They were man and wife. It was while he was at work that the afternoon incident happened. He thought the man was a burglar. She believed it was the K. K. K. It turned out she was right. A letter ordering them to move away from that district under pain of death and signed K. K. K. was received by them several days later. They agreed readily and now inhabit a different section of Boston.

The story was a scoop and was played up in all the newspapers. "Ku Klux Klan invading X. . . etc."

III.

All's well that ends well, and since I am still alive I will narrate a more pleasant experience.

A Follies chorus girl had collapsed just as the curtain was rising. The leading lady of the show was going to take the girl's part as well as her own. I was sent down to interview her and

find the reason for so meritorious an act, etc.

The first thing I did was to get a picture of both actresses from the press agent as well as a pass for three seats in the orchestra for a later performance. The show was in progress, but the leading lady was in her dressing room in the rear of the stage.

She was dressing for her act which was to begin in five minutes. The press agent led me to her, and being a reporter he was not hesitant and ushered me in. She was as beautiful as, well, an actress. As I entered, the press agent introduced me. I heard her say something in a sweet low voice, but poor me, I stood there like a poor fish. I made an attempt to say something, I stammered, I actually blushed, (Oh Oswald) but no words would emerge from my mouth. For about 57 seconds I stood silent, spell-bound by her fascinating beauty

and the surrounding scenery. Then the enchantment passed as quickly as it came. The actress understood my predicament and again said something. I replied and then glibly asked her a few questions and got rid of my assignment.

She and the chorus girl were friends; rather unusual for a leading lady to be friendly to a mere chorus girl, but such was the case. She happened to know the same song that the sick girl was to have sung and for these reasons and because she did not want to spoil the show, she agreed to take her part.

This of course happened when I was behind the scenes of a theater for the first time. Now when I happen to meet an actress or a chorus girl I am soft spoken as a "sheik". Their fair countenances do not turn my head, and the roadster which I am supposed to own is laid away for the winter or something has happened to it.



* * * * *

By the shores of Cuticura,
By the sparkling Pluto Waters,
Lived the prophylactic Chiclet
Danderine fair, Buicks' daughter.
She was loved by Instant Postum,
Son of Sunkist and Victrola,
Heir apparent to the Mazda,
Of the tribe of Coco-Cola.
Thru the Tanlac strutted the lovers,
Thru the Shredded Wheat they wandered.
"Lovely little Wrigley Chiclet,"
Were the words of Instant Postum.
"No Pyrene can quench the fire,
Nor any Aspirin the heartache,
Of my Prestolite desire.
Let us marry.
And Djer-Kiss."

—Ex.

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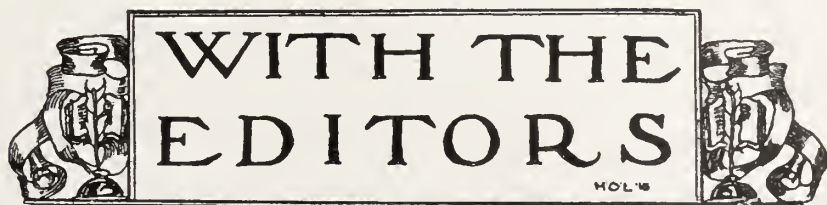
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HAROLD FARBER, '24

P. A. COLLINS ANNEX
ALBERT I. DAVIS



SUCCESS

Have you any ambition? Is there any worth-while thing you want to do? What? Do you want to be an Arctic explorer, an efficiency expert, a professor, a lawyer?

We'll suppose you want to do something. If you don't you are at sea on a Mexican iceberg—taking a swim, or otherwise floundering around. Intelligent person or poor fish, whichever you *want* to be, you must soon decide what you are going to do and how.

There's only one way of getting there, unless you were born lucky—only one way that never fails. It is a cure-all the secret of which is easily told. How did Washington win the Revolution? How did Napoleon make himself the terror of the world? How did Roosevelt become the greatest modern American? How has Calvin Coolidge become our foremost statesman, one who speaks for one hundred millions of people? They set their minds on the object and determined to let nothing stop them. It is the same with any successful business man you see on State St. or Milk St. today, the same with any well-known lawyer, the same with any prominent merchant.

There is not one thing that can not be accomplished through solid determination and unyielding persistence. You who want to benefit both the world and yourself must set ahead an objective, an ideal, which you shall ever strive to attain, upon which you shall concentrate all your abilities, your thoughts, your hopes, and towards which you shall focus the major part of your work. *Start while the starting's good.*

—C. M. W.

Our Priority Challenged

An excellent example of school spirit was recently shown by Harry Feldman, Room 158, who promptly brought to the attention of Mr. Downey a misstatement concerning our position as the oldest public high school in America. Feldman discovered in the November 1923 issue of the Philadelphia Central High School *Mirror* the following statement signed by Dr. E. C. Broome, Superintendent of Schools:

"The first public high school in the United States was the English High School of Boston, established 1821. This high school, however, after a struggling existence of a few years, disbanded. The next high school to be established was the Central High School of Philadelphia, which opened in 1838. The Central High School has the distinction of being the only high school which has had a continuous existence since that time. It is, therefore, the oldest existing school in the United States. It is a matter of great credit to Philadelphia that this city so early appreciated the importance of higher education at public expense."

Mr. Downey immediately took up the cudgels in defense of English High, and immediately wrote to Doctor Broome, calling his attention to this error in his statement. In his letter Mr. Downey offered as evidence of our position the following extract from the Annual Report of the Boston School Committee of 1903, page 39:

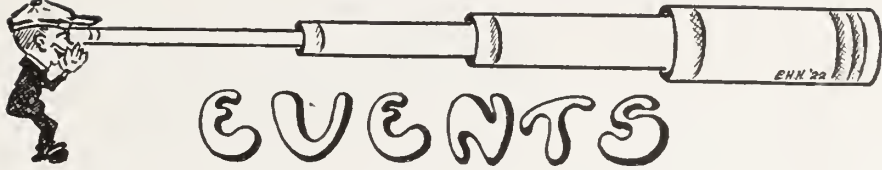
"During the year 1820 a plan for the establishment of an 'English Classical School' for the training of boys who were to be prepared for active life rather than for the university was submitted to the School Committee, and at a town meeting held on January 15, 1821, was nearly unanimously accepted, but three persons voting in the negative. The school soon came to be known as the English High School, and is so referred to in the records of the School Committee until 1832, when it was formally declared that, 'the only proper and legal title by which it can be known is that, given it by the town, of English Classical School.' But in the following year a vote was passed restoring the name by which it has always been designated in the records and in the regulations of the board since 1824, viz.: English High School."

Dr. Broome very courteously acknowledged his mistake and agreed to have the actual facts set forth in the Eighty-sixth Anniversary issue of the *Mirror*.

The *Record*, in behalf of the school, wishes to express its appreciation of the services rendered by Mr. Downey and Harry Feldman in maintaining the honor of the school.



CURRENT EVENTS



SENIOR CLASS ASSEMBLY

The thirteenth is considered an unlucky day, but December 13 proved to be a very interesting day to members of the Senior class, for on that date, Paul G. Kirk, one of the most popular fellows ever graduated from this school, and the holder of innumerable undergraduate honors, addressed the class.

His subject, a most appropriate one, was "Methods of Senior Class Procedure and the Functions of that Class." On this occasion, Mr. Kirk, always a good speaker, fairly outdid himself, for his subject appealed to him powerfully. The thundering applause that burst forth when Kirk finished his address only partly expressed the appreciation of the boys.

* * * * *

FOOTBALL RALLY

In anticipation of the Latin game on Thanksgiving, a monster football rally was held on Wednesday, November 28.

Chief cheer leader, John McMorrow, acted as chairman of the affair, and introduced the speakers, who, besides Mr. Downey and Coach Wilson, were "Brick" O'Hare and "Bill" Meonix, two prominent athletes at English in years gone by, Captain "Bus" Bridges also addressed the gathering. Cheers and singing followed and the rally was more successful than any other held in recent years.

* * * * *

SENIOR CLASS MEETING

On Monday, November 26, a meeting of the Senior Class was held in the Assembly Hall. President Barron presided. He outlined the work to be done by the class this year, and then called upon the committee chairman to give their reports. McMorrow, Silver, Dollin, Berkofsky, and Werby reported for their respective committees.

* * * * *

THE SCHOOL BANK

Steadily the deposits increase, and on December 14, they amounted to \$1999.68.

The monthly report for November, published by the Home Savings Bank credits English High with \$795.48 for that month. This is the first time since October, 1922, that E. H. S. has led all city schools, both high and grammar. Our nearest high school competitor is Girls' High, with deposits amounting to \$620.20 and in the grammar schools, the Blackington Grammar, with \$681.76 is our nearest competitor.

However, the real value of the Bank is in the number and regularity of the deposits. Regular saving is a great business asset.

We had 14 new depositors in September, 50 in December, 27 in November, and 11 in December, making a total of 102 new depositors, with 25 active accounts of former years, making a total of 127 depositors out of an enrollment of 3010 pupils.

We can do better than that, so make a New Year's resolution to save something every week.

* * * * *

VISITORS

The International Health Committee appointed by the League of Nations to tour the world and inspect health and educational institutions recently paid an unexpected visit to this building. An impromptu reception committee comprised of several of our commissioned officers was formed.

The examination of the school then proceeded. The Committee inspected the physics and chemistry laboratories, the drill hall and the gymnasium. The members were both pleased and interested with the conducting and supervision of the setting-up exercises, the military drill, and the physical training classes. The greatest compliment paid us, however, was the astonishment and favorable comments of the Committee upon the good condition of the lunch room floors AFTER THE FIRST LUNCH PERIOD.

Conversation was held mainly with Mr. Butler, England's representative, while the comments of the others from France, Spain, and other countries, were interpreted by some of our foreign language instructors, including our versatile linguist, Mr. Keller.

ROOM COUNCIL MEETING

On Monday, December 3, an assembly of the room councillors was held in regard to the sanitary condition of the school. They were addressed by three members of the faculty, Mr. Cady, Mr. Pettengill, and Mr. Roche, who stressed the point of keeping the building clean. Each councillor was asked to do his share and set a good example.

SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

On Thursday, December 6, a meeting of the second year class was held, its main purpose being a discussion of the "thrift habit." Mr. Downey, after saying a few words encouraging saving, introduced Mr. Nutting of the Home Savings Bank, who gave a lengthy and very impressive talk on "Thrift". Mr. Barrows then led in the singing of the E. H. S. song.

CLUB NOTES

Ah! those Einsteins and Edisons have at last settled down to business. The first meeting of the 1923 Science Club, under the direction of Mr. Stone and Mr. Hatch, respectively chemistry and physics instructors, was held on Tuesday, November 27. In accordance with a permanent constitution, election of officers proceeded with the following results:

President—Prendergast
Vice-President—Landen
Secretary—Reinhart
Treasurer—Uman

An executive committee consisting of Rosenthal, Stein, and Weinfield was appointed. Meetings are held once every three weeks. In order to continue the good work which this club has accomplished during the last ten years of its organization, a larger membership than that which attended the first meeting is necessary. Seniors and Juniors who are taking or have taken P3 or C4 are particularly wanted.

Gee! but those Current Events boys can speak. Go in there some meeting. Monday is the time. At the past few meetings the speakers and their subjects were as follows:

Rosenthal—"Parliamentary Procedure."

Kelly—"Military and Naval Preparedness."

Rubin—"Shall Massachusetts Have a State University?"

De Jong—"Justification of America's Entrance in the World War."

At the meeting on December 3, permanent officers were elected. After a heated balloting that seemed a minature political election, the following were elected;

President—Gans

Vice-President—Levine

Secretary—Kelly

* * * * *

SCHOOL NOTES

Perhaps many of you wondered why our constant companion, the home lesson, grew so noticeably longer and harder when the climax of the past football season rolled by. There are many Harvard and Yale grads in our faculty ranks and their betting instinct is as enthusiastic as ours when the time arrives for supporting the "old school" in that method. The final blowing of the whistle at the annual meeting of Harvard and Yale left many of our instructors heavy losers in matters of cigars, etc. Know then, pursuer of knowledge, the reason why our beloved (?) home lesson increased.

* * * * *

Ever since our busy councillors have been poking into the desks and hunting for missing inkwells (future Sherlock Holmes) the rooms have been bright and clean. Page Mr. Keller 231, and Mr. Ward 305. We attempted to find out their methods so as to apply them to our respective rooms, but the only clue that we have secured as yet is the use of the good old right arm and perhaps a daily clean-up squad.

* * * * *

Have you noticed that the bank receipts are about double those of the past year? Good work! No wonder car checks are so easily borrowed. E. H. S. pupils are never (?) in financial straits.

* * * * *

Do you always follow the rule: Up the middle and down the end stairs? Do you believe in signs? Whether or not, you'll obey the new ones at the foot and top of each stairway or suffer the consequences. (As I did: writing the word "down" one thousand times is no joke.)

* * * * *

A few days before Thanksgiving, a delegation of the class of '17 paid the school a visit and reserved about 50 tickets for the annual turkey battle. Good old grads!

* * * * *

Mr. Cornell's room came within one-hundredth percent of a perfect score in attendance: 99.99 percent. Not so bad, not so bad.

P. A. COLLINS ANNEX

"FRESHIES" ATHLETIC NEWS

"Bang!" Down shuts the lid on football! This year, as in the past, the "Freshies" leave behind them a fine record of hard, clean playing. It might be worth mentioning that they trimmed the "Sophs", the score being 6-0. "Nuf sed!"

"Pop!" The lid flies off the track season! Mr. Benson, our athletic leader, announced this much-anticipated news. In years past, our annex has, in this particular sport, discovered many "luminaries," and this year I am sure they will not be lacking. Take notice—Main Building!

There has been a good deal of talk recently about the undue prominence of athletics in the schools. The more clean athletics we boys indulge in while running our course at school, the better our future prospects. Of course, this doesn't mean that we should indulge in this to the neglect of our studies, but it does seem as though more might take an active interest in these affairs, and not only show such an interest for their own sake, but for the sake and reputation of the school.

* * * * *

MUSIC

In our assemblies Friday mornings, symphonic strains greet our ears, which we judge is due to the tireless and no-less praiseworthy efforts of our Mr. Rand. Of course, there are times, when the stock phrase "distance lends enchantment" might be applied with touching reality. On the whole, however, the orchestra is showing signs of becoming quite proficient, and if present indications are to be relied upon, will furnish many enjoyable and musical entertainments later in the season. We presume a good deal of Kamintzky's energy is expended in seducing weird tones from his instrument, which out of courtesy to its inventor we will call a cornet. Good things often come in small packages, you know.

* * * * *

ATTENDANCE

Credit to room 13! They had the highest attendance during the month of November at classes. That's the kind of a spirit that "gets across!" Co-operation. Keep at it—perhaps your room may have that honor next month. Quien sabe?

* * * * *

"HARDING" MEMORIAL

On December 13th, a voluntary contribution was taken up for the "Harding" Memorial, and again the generous spirit was manifested. While we are often called upon to contribute toward something or other, few appeals have such a touching effect as this one. We are not only paying one of the highest honors to the departed, who, while living, served his country to the best of his ability, but we are also showing our personal respect and affection for him, and such an appeal as this is certain to meet with a ready and eager response from one and all.

* * * * *

As this is really a Christmas number, perhaps a few words would not be amiss. How many of us appreciate the real meaning of Christmas? How many look upon it merely as a time for giving and GETTING? Did you ever stop to think that there was more than a mercenary side to this time? It is the time for turning over a new leaf, as the saying goes, it is the time for new resolutions and better intentions.—But—are we going to live up to them, or are we going to remember them on Christmas Day, and then forget that we ever made them? Christmas is as old

as the hills, yet it is the one time that is eternally new. When we gather around the table let us not forget that there are many that are not as fortunate as we, and while we may not be able to actually help them, yet we can at least think of them and by living up to the spirit of Christmas to the best that is in us, help them mentally, instead of physically. Do more than just think the Christmas spirit—live it—exemplify it, and we will find that this Christmas will be the happiest and the best that we have ever spent. Try it and see.

* * * * *

CLUBS

Apparently the little remark made about clubs in the last number went in one ear and out the other. Is it possible that you fellows have no interest in forming them? Frankly, I think that you are missing some real good times, as there is nothing like clubs for bringing fellows together and having some splendid get-togethers. Come on, fellows, wake up! Get busy, and act as if you were alive. Do something, and you will have more done for you. It may need only a suggestion to start the ball rolling. It's up to you.

Main Building Notes

Have you seen those pictures on the bulletins in the lower cross-corridor? No. They're not drawn by any instructor, as you may think, but by students of the best school in the world. Credit is due Chiccola 208, and Zalkind 313, for their excellent work. Under the direction of Mr. Adams, our drawing teacher, the artistically-inclined students are taking turns at drawing on the bulletins reproductions of some of Mr. Adams' work.

* * * * *

"I got the point that time!"

The above was grasped at *fencing practice*. Say, when did this happen?

* * * * *

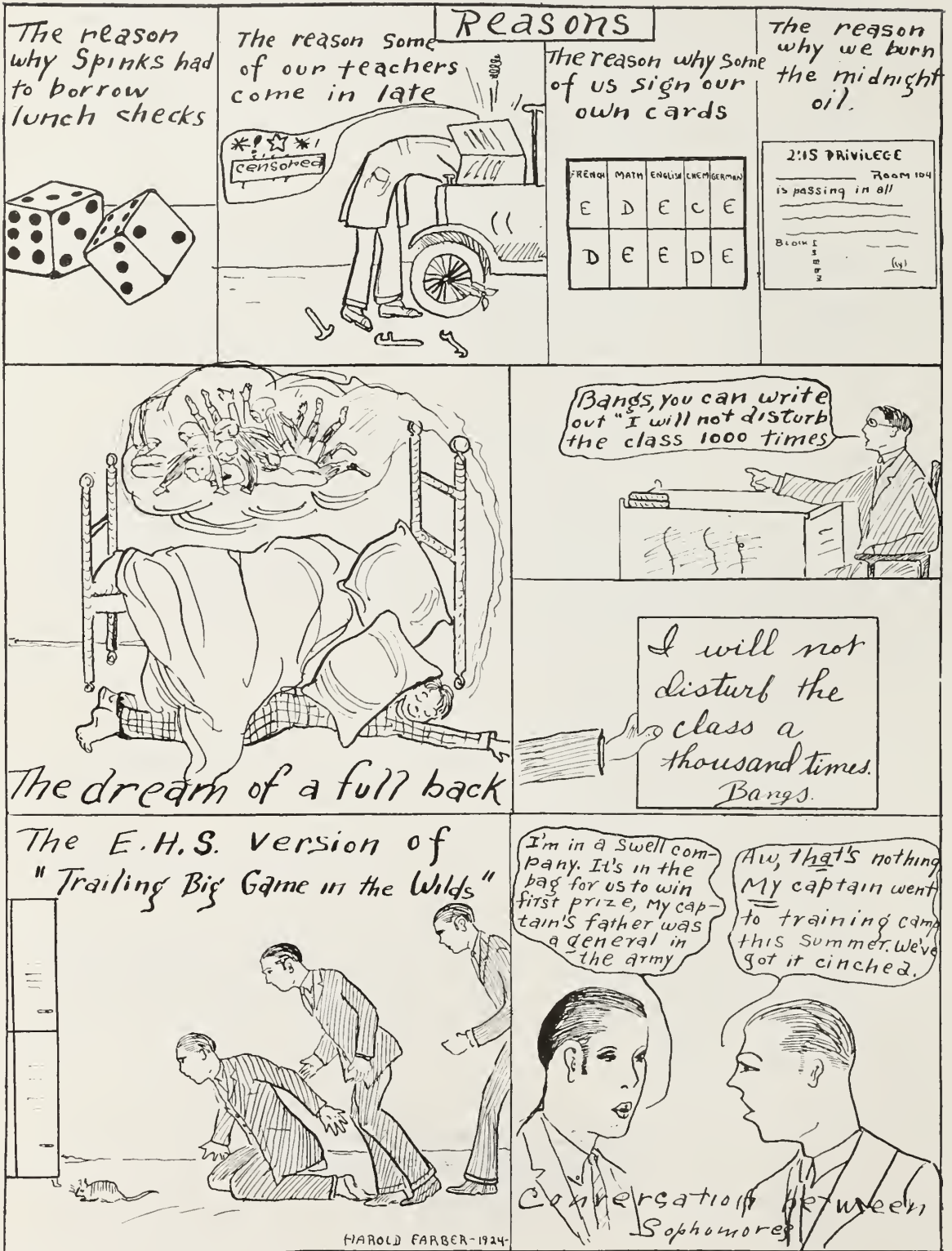
After the Marblehead game Pickard, our star end, complained of someone putting his arms around him on every play that was directed toward his side of the line. "I'd like to know who it was," he was heard to growl.

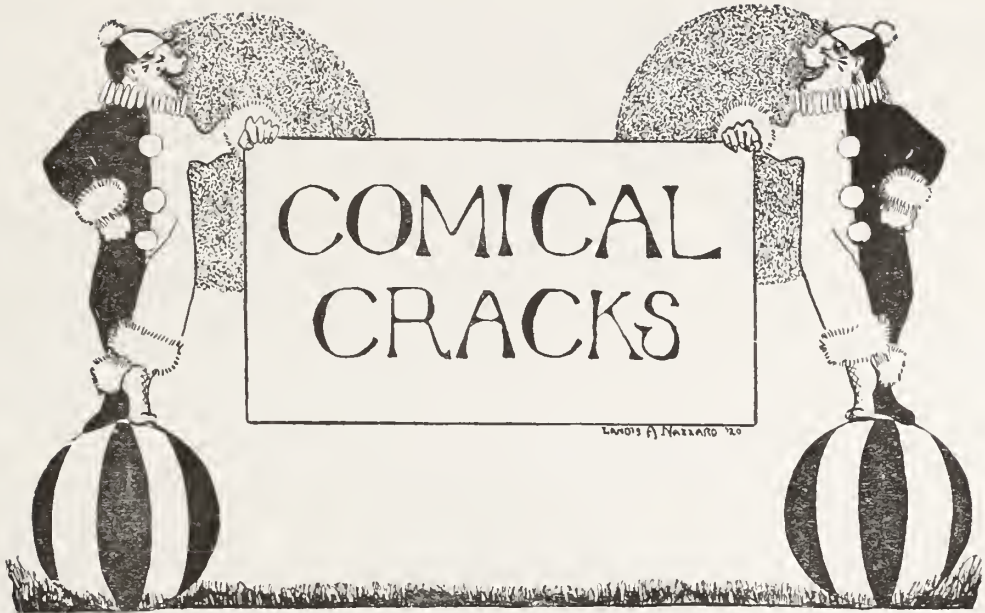
And then the voice of "Milly" Mills: "You've got the wrong idea, Herbie. He didn't mean any harm; he was misled by your pretty face and thought you were a girl."

* * * * *

Did you notice the white flannel pants on our cheer leader-in-chief at the English-Latin game? It is a well known fact that he is of very small (?) proportions and as no trousers of a perfect fit could be procured, he had to gage every step he took for fear of ripping that pretty piece of apparel. No wonder our chief "crier" was not as spry as usual.







Printer's mistakes are sometimes very ludicrous.

A Chicago paper reported that the freighter "Alaska" was leaving port with a cargo of 40,000 bushels of cats. (oats.)

A Buffalo paper, in describing the scene when the President took the oath of office as President, said it was a spectacle never to be forgotten when, before the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and a few witnesses, he took his simple bath. (Oath.)

* * * * *

Fall had come and Spring had gone,
And ice was over all;
I tried to run and make a spring,
Instead I took a fall.

* * * * *

PUZZ-Z-Z-Z-Z!

The telephone is not making much progress in Russia. And no wonder! Fancy a man going to the phone and shouting:

"Hello, is that you, Dvisastkichsmartvoiczkie?"

"No, it is Zollemschouskaffernocknstiffsgrowoff. Who's speaking?"

"Seximochokiertrjksmxkischokemoff, I want to know if Xliferomanskefflskill-majurwchzvasrowsksweibierski is still stopping with Divisastkichsmartvoiczkie?"

* * * * *

Teacher: "See here, boys, I'm not going to be made a fool of."

Smart Aleck: "Naw! It's too late."

* * * * *

Here is a story of a lady who seemed to want a lot for her money. She rushed excitedly into the hardware department:

"Give me a mouse-trap!" she exclaimed. "Quickly, please, because I want to catch a train."

SO THIS IS POETRY

Under the shedding spressnut tree
 Even as you and I
 With a hunk of bunk
 And a chunk of junk
 You're a better man than I.
 Old Black Joe!

* * * * *

It was pitch black in the parlor. Three hours ago, Chlorine, the naughty vamp, had turned out the light. The clock on the mantel struck, "One, two, three, four." It was a strange, hollow sound echoing through the silence. A milk wagon rattled by. Again all was still. Then from the divan corner of the room came a few faint noises, "smack-smack—ummmmmmm—gulp—gurgle—gulp—ummmmmmm—smack—s-sh-sh—" then a soft sighing sound.

The water in the radiator had begun to boil.

* * * * *

THE BURGLAR

A burglar entered by mistake
 A Poet's room one day,
 And finding there was nothing else
 To steal, he stole away.

* * * * *

TAKE A BUSINESS COURSE

Mr. Push of Slackem and Push, suddenly entering his counting-house the other day, found one of his clerks steadying a large book endways on his chin.

"Why aren't you at work?" he growled.

"I am, sir," replied the clerk. "I'm balancing the ledger, sir!"

* * * * *

Left: "Whew! I just took a quiz?"

Right: "Finish?"

Left: "No, Spanish."

* * * * *

ONLY A CHILD

"Mr. Methuselah," says young Ishbomush, "I came to ask permission to marry your grand-daughter, Kezoorah."

"What! Little Kezoorah!" exclaims Mr. Methuselah. "Why what nonsense, boy, boy! She's only 120 years old, and—you're barely 180. Wait about 100 years, lad, and then you will learn whether this is merely calf love or the enduring affection that warrants matrimony."

* * * * *

My girl is an alchemist
 When we go out a fussing
 She only has to say the word
 To change my gold to nothing.

* * * * *

"Spell your name!" said the court clerk sharply. The witness began; "O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, doub—"

"Begin again! begin again!" ordered the clerk.

The witness repeated: "O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O—"

"Your honor," roared the clerk, "I beg that this man be committed for contempt of court!"

"What is your name?" asked the judge.

"My name, your honor, is Ottiwell Wood, and I spell it O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O, D."

* * * * *

"Ma, do cows and bees go to heaven?"

"Mercy, child, what a question! Why?"

"'Cause if they don't, the milk and honey the preacher said was up there must be all canned stuff."

* * * * *

A boy habitually tardy at school began to mend his ways and for several mornings was actually early at school. One morning much to the surprise of his teacher he was the first one to arrive. The teacher was very much pleased and said to him: "I have noticed that you have been coming in early of late and I am glad to see that you are first at last as you have always been behind before."

* * * * *

Teach.: "Give for one year, the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States."

Fresh.: "1492; None."

* * * * *

The beautiful, dark haired girl's sweet smiles changed to angry frowns.

"You deceiver," she cried, "I hate you."

"Hate me?" he gasped. "Why it was only yesterday that you told me that you loved every hair on my head."

"Yes, but not every hair on your shoulder," she replied as she held aloft a golden piece of evidence.

* * * * *

Little Boy (visiting Washington): "When are we going to see the red tape?"

* * * * *

"What's your time?" asked the old farmer of the brisk salesman. "Twenty minutes after five. What can I do for you?"

"I want them pants," said the farmer, leading the way to the window and pointing to a ticket marked, "Given away at 5.20."

* * * * *

A group of farmers were crowded around the post office to get their mail, when one of them stalked up and shouted:

"Ant mail for Mike Howe?"

The postmaster, a stranger in the community, glared at him over the rim of his spectacles and shouted back:

"No, not for your cow nor for anybody else's cow."

* * * * *

Kelly: "You know, that girl reminds me a lot of a magazine."

Springfield: "Which one, 'Popular'?"

Kelly: "Nope. 'Everybody's'."



TRACK

James Maguire, *Captain*

Bert L. Bernhardt, *Manager*

Coach Wilson has called out the candidates for the field events. Boom! Track has started with a bang! Every afternoon from 2:15 to 4:00 o'clock you may hear "Hymie" Foster throwing the—Ah—shot, or see Muggsy Maguire trying to knock the ceiling down with his high-jumping. If you want to see some excitement just watch the assistant managers try to dodge the heaves of the shotputters. "Gladdy", Scott is trying to broadjump. And do you see that good looking boy over there? Well that is Herbie Pickard. Don't get jealous, Charlie! What was that noise? Oh, it was only those high-jumpers hitting the high spots.

Boys. Here is your opportunity. Go to it. It is the only major sport where individuality counts for points. Try it in football and see what the coach sez. Rob another fellow of a grounder and you will get an idea of what forceful language is. New material is always welcome. This means the P. A. C. Annex boys as well. It means a great deal to get a letter, and the right place to start getting one is under Mr. Benson. Then when you do come over to the Main building Coach Wilson will keep you going in the right direction. You must come over! Let the result tell its own story. Train every night and then enter the meets, get the points and collect your letter. Some of the veterans who will be out there fighting are Capt. Maguire, "Hy" Foster, Charlie Hootstein, Herbie Pickard, Scott, Don Harley, Holsey, Flahive and plenty of others. But with all this we need new material. Come out and practice for the event you think you are good in. You may think you are a broad jumper, and find out that, all you need for equipment is a track suit, and a pair of sneakers. We'll do the rest. Show some school spirit. Only 99 boys came out for the field events. With the student body that the English High School has, we should have at least 300 men out for track.

Track is started. It is never too late to come out. For some of you 200 pounders, 20 to 30 laps a day, practising a few starts, and a good shower will reduce a little of the fat to muscle. Let's go, boys, for a championship track team that will make the old grads sit up and take notice. This is going to be a big year for the Blue and Blue. All out with Capt. Maguire and Coach Wilson for the peppiest, snappiest, and fastest track team of them all, the English High Track Team of 1924.

* * * * *

HOCKEY

William Keefe, *Captain*

Eliot Lewis, *Manager*

The 1923-24 Hockey Season opened Sat. Dec. 8 at the Boston Arena. Despite the fact that neither team had been on the ice previous to the game, some

lively hockey was displayed. Dorchester had the advantage of a practically veteran team. Our boys, however, succeeded in holding them to an 0-0 score. We owe much to our little goal-tender, Silberberg, who played a great game. When the tie was played off, we lost a much spirited game to Dorchester by the score of 1-0.

Lineups of both games.

L. W. Keefe
C. Denghausen (Trainor)
R. W. Ferguson
L. D. Robinson
R. D. Marr
G. Tighe

The schedule outside of City Games is as follows:

Jan. 18—Noble and Greenough
25—Belmont High
31—St. John's Prep
Feb. 5—Browne and Nichols
6—Middlesex School
7—Chelsea High

* * * * *

RIFLE TEAM

W. G. Swan, *Captain*
R. S. Halloran, *Manager*

Since the last issue of the *Record* appeared, the fellows that are out for the team have been doing some snappy shooting. The first of the year things looked kind of bleak, but you ought to just step up to the rifle range some Friday afternoon and see those boys, now. Its just—bong—bing—bang and there's no center in that particular target. Just for example, here is the way some of the boys are doing just in practice. Out of 100 possible points.

Thormer 98	Swan 98
Russell 96	Somers 95
Rollins 95	Jackson 90

Not so worse. Eh, what! I guess not. If you can do better you've got to prove it, but you've got to do it soon for our matches have already commenced, and once again we're making things warm for our opponents.

* * * * *

SWIMMING

Charles Ferguson, *Captain*
Morris Ullman, *Manager*

The water sharks are going strong at Cabot St. Tuesdays and Fridays. There's a bunch of fine material out for the team. Some of the new men that are showing up well are:

J. F. Sullivan 357	Lenin 257
C. Rubin 309	Feldberg 158
Green 252	Gallagher 160

The schedule is almost completed and is as follows:

Jan. 2—Malden H. S. at Malden
12—Worcester Academy at Worcester
18—M. I. T. Freshmen at Curtis Hall

- Feb. 1—Rindge Tech at Cambridge
 9—Gardner H. S. at Gardner
 12—Brookline H. S. at Brookline
 21—Huntington School at Boston Y. M. C. A.
 Mar. 3—Boston College High at Curtis Hall

We'd like to see some more of you fellows at our meets at Curtis Hall, Jamaica Plain, or at places around Boston. A little noise will help a lot.

* * * * *

CLASS AND ROOM FOOTBALL

Approximately 250 boys from the second and third year classes reported to Mr. Hogan at one time or another during the football season. Rooms 256 and 257 were tied for the room-championship, but weather conditions were such that it was impracticable to play off the tie. The same was the case with the teams representing the second and third-year classes. Three games were played, each team winning one and the other resulting in a tie.

The All-Soph. team took a trip to the Annex and were beaten by the All-Freshman team 7-0, principally through the very clever forward pass work of the Karchunes brotheres and Marr's aggressive all-round play.

The work of Hoffman of the third-year group and that of Roemer and Shelton of the second-year group was very commendable, and they should be of real service to Mr. Wilson next year.

It is hoped that by next year some means will be found whereby partial equipment at least will be available for the use of class teams. When 250 boys show a real interest in any clean, beneficial undertaking, every effort should be made to foster and sustain that interest.

LATIN GAME

The annual fashion parade from the car stop to Braves Field was this year, more than any other year so bedabbed by all sorts of colors that it was a wise boy who wore smoked glasses that day. All the colors of the rainbow were there and then some. The annual classic English vs. Latin was about to be played. The old grads were present, and believe me they made themselves heard. The cheers that greeted the team as they trotted out surely would have lifted any ordinary roof off. After about five minutes of line-bucking, the numbers on the backs of the players couldn't be seen. Both teams resorted to kicking, and their punters were greatly handicapped by the fact that thick ooze clung to their cleats and shoes. There was about 3 inches of thick ooze mud, which by the time the game was over, was all over the pants and jerseys of the fellows. Penalties were frequent on both sides for holding and offside, because of a great deal of overanxiousness. English outplayed their rivals in the first half. In the second half, however, the tables were reversed. Latin threatened once in the 3rd period but lost out on a fumble which was recovered by one of our men. Then the stream of substitutes went in, and they were greeted with glad and dirty hands. Their clean jerseys became dirty even before a play started.

Then appeared jerseys rolled up to the elbows, and stockings rolled down to ankles, and a splashing good time for everybody followed, for everybody wallowed about in the mud. However, the game had its features and the running down under punts by Bridges, and Pickard was a treat. No sooner had White punted the ball when either "Bus" or "Herb" were right down after it like a shot

and downed the receiver of the ball in his tracks. Sterling line work was presented by Mills, Tremble, Crosson, and Michaelson, while "Bus" Bridges and Jim Flahive shone in the backfield. The game was practically a fight for supremacy. We were anxious to get the championship and wipe out the beating of last year, and Latin just as determined not to let us. A fight it was from the beginning to the end. With the end of the game, the score 0-0, the curtain rolled down upon our football season with E. H. S. and H. S. C. tied for champ honors for the year of '23.

English

White, le
Crosson, lt
Regan, lg
Mills, c
Michelson, rg
Tremble, rt
Pickard, re
Bridges (Capt.), qb
Downey, lhb
Foster, rhb
Flahive, fb

Latin

re, Goldman
rt, Dunn
rg, W. Sullivan
c, Daniels
lg, Early
lt, Fusoni
le, Hammer
qb, Dwyer
rhb, Lyons
lhb, J. Sullivan
fb, Gildea

Score English 0 Latin 0. Subst.—English: Murphy, Flynn, Brest, Buckley, Whittaker, Hurwitz, Rothner, Narcus, Dunn, McLaughlin, Dunlop, Trainor, Hootstein. Latin: Curley, Sand, McDermott, Williams, Feinberg, Brine, Boles, Riley, Bruen, Rigby, Wells, Norton, Mantell. Umpire, Mooney. Head Linesman, Crowley. Referee, Hoey. Time 12 minute periods.

"No man is as well known as he thinks he is," said Caruso the late famous singer. "I was motoring on Long Island once. My car broke down, and I entered a farmhouse to get warm. The farmer and I chatted, and when he asked me my name, I told him modestly that it was Caruso. At that name he threw up his hands.

"'Caruso!' " he exclaimed. 'Robinson Caruso, the great traveller! Little did I expect ever to see a man like you in this here humble home, sir!'"

* * * * *

WORN TO A STUB

Englishman (in British Museum): "This book, sir, was once owned by Cicero."

American Tourist: "Pshaw! that's nothing. Why, in one of our American museums we have the lead pencil that Noah used to check off the animals as they came out of the ark."

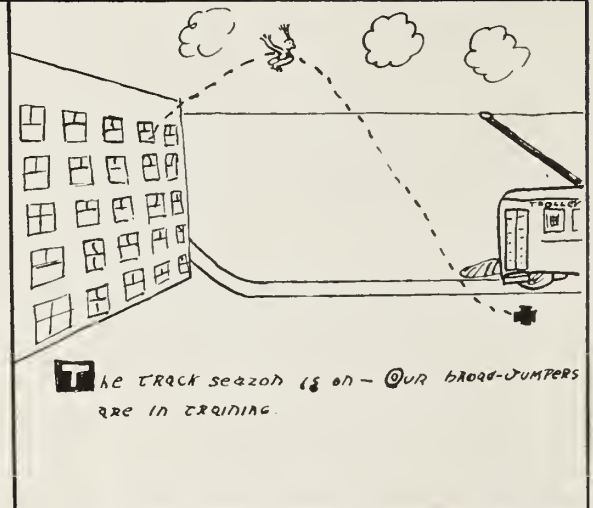
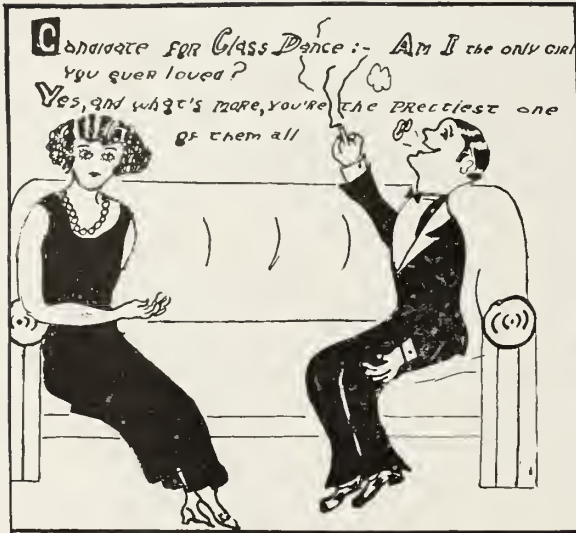
* * * * *

An editor had a notice stuck up above his desk on which was printed: "Accuracy! Accuracy! Accuracy!" and this notice he always pointed out to the new reporters.

One day the youngest member of the staff came in with his report of a public meeting. The editor read it through and the sentence: "Three thousand three hundred and ninety-nine eyes were fixed upon the speaker."

"What do you mean by making a silly blunder like that?" he demanded wrathfully.

"But it's not a blunder," protested the youngster. "There was a one-eyed man in the audience!"





"Aw, exchanges; skip them, they're dry."

How often do we hear this expression. Yet, if the speaker would only pause and reflect he would see that these "dry" exchanges really established for a purpose. The exchange column in a magazine has three main objectives: it, through criticism and suggestion, helps other school papers to develop, by the same medium we ourselves are enabled to advance, lastly it helps us to better appreciate what is happening in other schools. In this way the exchange department is a very important factor in the making of an up-to-date paper. And if those who are inclined to skip this column will consider it from our point of view they will, we are sure, agree with us.

* * * * *

JESTER, Columbia University—That Fraternity Rushing number was certainly clever, especially the pen and ink sketches. Snappy jokes are the main features of this paper. Come again, Oscar

"Fate always strikes while the irony is hot."

YE ITEM, Dorchester High—Your Thanksgiving number was a well balanced issue. We enjoyed Nick's adventures as set forth in his "School Room Episodes." We were naturally interested in your account of the English—Dorchester game. We did not, however, agree with one or two statements wherein you declared that "Dorchester would have won if—if—etc," we liked our own account of the game much better.

"Why is our language called the mother tongue?"

"Because the men never have a chance to use it."

PANORAMA, Binghamton Central High, N. J.—Your "Wisdom Number" casts the light of understanding upon us poor Bostonians. Why two athletic columns? Congratulations to your exchange editor; writing exchanges in scenario form is certainly novel.

"Wisdom is the principal thing—therefore get wisdom":—Solomon.

THE DISTAFF, Girls' High School, Boston—In this number cartoons and cuts are conspicuous by their absence (ha-ha—raucous laughter). The columns seem a bit crowded, but world happenings are well discussed under Current Events.

"Lex, you're a little pig," said a father to his five year old son. "Do you know what a pig is?"

"Yes, father, a pig is a hog's little boy!"

THE OWL, Wadleigh High, New York—We are always glad to see this exchange, for it is an exceptionally good one; incidentally it creates a favorable impression of the "Noo Yawkers". We enjoyed your stories, laughed at your jokes, but wept at the sad fate of Hortense, the Horsefly, who was deserted by her cruel mate, Archie the cockroach—(loud sounds as of weeping and wailing).

* * * * *

Teacher: "What tense do I use when I say that I am beautiful?"

Voice from rear: "Remote past."

* * * * *

The Q, Quincy, Ill.—In your first story, "A Bum Thanksgiving," we are impressed by the coincident that the bums, while trying to bum a Thanksgiving dinner for their bums' Thanksgiving, ended up by getting a bum's thanksgiving, viz: "A Bum Thanksgiving (joke—bah!) You devote quite a bit of space to your Junior Highs; you must appreciate them.

* * * * *

She: "I wonder what Sir Walter Raleigh said to the Queen when he put his coat down for her?"

He: "Probably, 'Step on it, kid!' "

* * * * *

The Chandelier—South Boston High is developing rapidly. The cuts over the sports and jokes columns are exceptionally good, but it is with regret that we note but one story. "Blackie" has some wise and humorous chatter.

* * * * *

Blackie says: "A man that has knowledge has put his time to good advantage."

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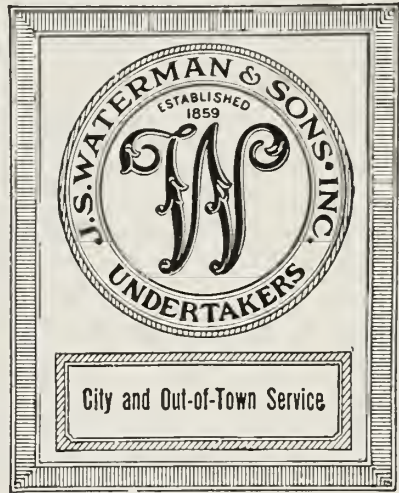
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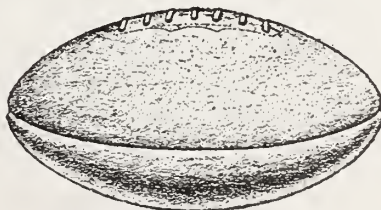
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